THE

Farmers Son of Devonshire:

BEING

The Valiant Coronet's Return from *Flanders*, who endeavoured to perſuade his Brother *Jack* to forſake the Plow, and to take up Arms the next Spring; which he refuſed to do, becauſe he was loath to leave his ſweet Wife Joan.

Tune of Mary live long

Licenſed according to Order.

WEll met Brother Jack,
I have been in Flanders,
With valiant Commanders,
And a n return'd back
to England again,
Where a while I ſhall ſtay,
And ſhall then march away;
I'm an Officer now;
Go wi h me dear Brother,
Go, with me dear Brother,
and lay by the Plow.

I tell thee Old Boy,
The Son of a Farmer
In glittering Armour,
May kill and deſtroy,
as many proud French,
As a 'Squire or Knight,
Having Courage to fight,
then Valiantly go
In Arms like a Soldier,
In Arms like a Soldier,
to face the proud Foe.

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But, dear Brother Will.
you are a fine Fellow,
and talk mighty Mellow,
But what if they kill
thy poor Brother Jack,
By the Bounce of a Gun,
If they shou'd I'm undone,
and ruined quite,
You know that I never,
You know that I never,
had Courage to fight.

If you will advance
in Arms like a Soldier,
the Nation's Upholder,
A fortunate Chance
your Portion may be:
All that goes are not slain,
You may return again,
with Victory here,
There's no Men but Cowards,
There's no Men but Cowards,
are subject to fear.

Each timorous Soul,
when Trumpets are sounding,
and Cannons rebounding,
He fears no controul,
nor Death in the least,
When the Smoke do's arise,
And darkens the Skies,
we fall on amain;
That Trophies of Honour,
That Trophies of Honour,
in Field we may gain.

King William you know,
in heat of the Battel,
when Guns they do rattle,
He venters also,
then what shall we fear,
When an Army is lead
By a Crown'd Royal Head,
it baffles all fear,
And makes Soldiers fire,
And makes Soldiers fire,
from the Front to the Rear.

JACK's Answer.

The King, I confess,
he labours by power,
the French to devour;
Let Providence bless
his conquering Arms:
I wou'd do the same thing,
If I were to be King,
and make the French groan,
Till then loving Brother,
Till then, loving Brother,
pray let me alone.

The Enemies Men
with Horror will fill me,
perhaps they may kill me,
And where am I then?
this rungs in my mind;
Should I chance to be Lame,
Will the Trophies of Fame
keep me from sad Groans,
A Fig for that Honour.
A Fig for that Honour,
which brings broken Bones.

Such Honour I scorn,
I'd rather be Mowing,
nay, Plowing or Sowing,
Or threshing of Corn,
at home in a Barn,
Then to leave Joan my Wife,
And to lose my Sweet Life,
in Peace let me dwell;
I am not for fighting,
I am not for fighting,
so Brother Farewell.

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